



*Mr. Henderson as Julius Caesar*



*Mr. Henderson as Julius Caesar*

12  
JULIUS CÆSAR.

A

TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury - Lane.

---

LONDON:

Printed for R. BUTTERS, No 79, Fleet street; and sold by all the  
Bookfellers in Town and Country.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## COVENT - GARDEN.

### MEN.

Julius Cæsar	-	-	-	-	Mr. Packer
Octavius Cæsar	-	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
M. Antony					
M. Æmil. Lepidus					
Cicero					
Brutus	-	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
Cassius	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bensley.
Calpurnia	-	-	-	-	Mr. Aick n.
Trebonius	-	-	-	-	Mr. Chaplin.
Ligarius					
Decius Brutus	-	-	-	-	Mr. Wrighten.
Metellus Cimber	-	-	-	-	Mr. Williams
Cinna	-	-	-	-	Mr. Norris.
Popilius Lena					
Publius					
Flavius					
Marullus					
Messala					
Titinius					
Artemidorus					
A soothsayer	-	-	-	-	Mr. Fawcett.
Young Cato					
Cinna, a Poet					
Another Poet					
Lucilius					
Dardanius					
Volumnius					
Varro					
Clitus					
Claudius					
Stato					
Lucius	-	-	-	-	Master Pulley.
Pindarus	-	-	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
Ghost of Julius Cæsar					
Plebeians					

{ Messrs. Baddeley, Waldron, Barton,  
and Holcroft.

### WOMEN.

Calphurnia	-	-	-	-	Miss Sherry.
Porcia	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Baddeley.

Guards and Attendants.





# JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE, *A street in Rome.*

*Enter Flavius, Marullus, and mob.*

Flav. **H**ENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home,

Is this a holiday! What! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign  
Of your profession. — Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

— You, sir, what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am  
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe  
conscience: which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad souls.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,  
what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me:  
Yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou  
saufy fellow?

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, sir, all that I live by is the awl. I med-  
dle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters:  
but with all. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes;  
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-  
per man as ever trod upon neat's leather, have gone upon  
my handy work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their soles, to get myself  
into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to  
see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he  
home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds,  
Made in his concave shores ?

And do you now put on your best attire ?  
And do you now cull out an holiday ?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?  
Be gone ;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods, to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen ;

Go you down that way towards the Capitol,  
't his way will I ; Disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies. (*Ex. Mob.*  
These growing feathers pluckt from Cæsar's wing,  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;  
Who else would soar above the views of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. (*Ex. severally.*

*Enter Cæsar ; Antony, for the course ; Calphurnia, Decius, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a soothsayer, &c.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia——

*Casca.* Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

*Cæs.* Calphurnia——

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course.——*Antonius*——

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,  
'The barren touch'd in this holy chase,  
Shake off their steril curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember.

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

*Soth.* Cæsar——

*Cæs.* Ha ! who calls ?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still—Peace ! Yet again ?

*Cæs.*

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

5

*Caes.* Who is it in the press that calls on me ?  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry, Caesar. Speak ; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of March.

*Caes.* What man is that ?

*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

*Caes.* Set him before me ; let me see his face.

*Casca.* Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon  
Caesar.

*Caes.* What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of March.

*Caes.* He is a dreamer ; let us leave him—pass

(*Exeunt Caesar and train.*)

*Caes.* Will you go see the order of the course ?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Caes.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not game some ; I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;

I'll leave you.

*Caes.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late :

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And shew of love, as I was wont to have.

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd. If I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour ;

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd ;

Among which number, Cassius, be you one,

Nor construe any farther my neglect,

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forgets the shews of love to other men.

*Caes.* Then, Brutus, I have mistook your passion ;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself,

But by reflection by some other things.

*Caes.* 'Tis just.

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

That

That you have no such mirrors, as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
(Except immortal Caesar) speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Bru us had his eyes.

*Brut.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself,  
For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :  
And since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflexion ; I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself, which yet you know not of.  
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :  
Were I a common laughter, or did use  
To stain with ordinary oathes my love  
To every new protestor ; if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them ; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the route, then hold me dangerous.

*(Flourish and shout.)*

*Brut.* What means this shouting ; I do fear, the people  
Chuse Caesar for their king:

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it ?  
Then must I think, you wou'd not have it so.

*Brut.* I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?

What is it that you would impart to me ?

If it be ought toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently,

For, let the Gods so feed me, as I love

The name of honour, more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life ; but for my single self,

I had as lief not to be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Caesar ; so were you :

We both have fed as well ; and we can both

Endure



Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,  
 Caesar says to me, Dar't thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
 And bid him follow ; so, indeed, he did.  
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;  
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
 Caesar cried, Help me, Cassius or I sink.  
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear ; so, from the waves of Tyber  
 Did I the tired Caesar ; and this man  
 Is now become a God ; and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake—'tis true this God did shake—  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan.  
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books.  
 Alas ! it cried—' Give me some drink, Titinius'—  
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,  
 And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*]

*Brut.* Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men at some time are masters of their fates.  
 The fault, dear Brutus is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus and Caesar ! what should be in that Caesar ?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?

Write

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar,  
 Now, in the names of all the Gods at once,  
 Upon what meat does this our Caesar feed,  
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd ;  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods :  
 When went there by an age since that great flood,  
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?  
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
 That her wide walls incompas'd but one man.  
 Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd  
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
 As easily as a king.

*Brut.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;  
 What you would work me to, I have some aim ,  
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,  
 I would not, so with love I might intreat you,  
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
 I will consider ; what you have to say,  
 I will with patience hear, and find a time  
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

*Cæs.* I am glad that my weak words  
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

*Enter Caesar and his Train.*

*Brut.* The games are done, and Caesar is returning

*Cæs.* As they pass by, pluck Caesar by the sleeve  
 And he will, after his four fashion, tell you  
 What hath proceeded, worthy note, to day

*Brut.* I will do so—but, look you, Cassius,  
 The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,  
 And all the rest look like a chidden train.

*Cæs.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius——

*Ant.* Caesar.

*Cæs.* (*to Ant. apart.*) Let me have men about me that  
 are fat ;

Sleek-headed men, an' such as sleep a nights ;  
 Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look,  
 He thinks too much—Such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous ;  
 He is a noble Roman, and well given

*Cæs.*



*Caes.* Would he were fatter—But I fear him not —  
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
 I do not know the man I should avoid  
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;  
 He is a great observer ; and he looks  
 Quite thro' the deeds of men. He loves no plays,  
 As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :  
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,  
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,  
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
 Whilst they behold a greater than themselves ;  
 And therefore are they very dangerous.  
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
 That what I fear ; for always I am Caesar.  
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Caesar, and his train*

*Manent Brutus and Cassius. Casca to them.*

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak : Would you speak  
 with me ?

*Brut.* Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,  
 That Caesar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, weré you not ?

*Brut.* I should not then ask'd Casca what had chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offer'd him ; and being  
 offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand—  
 thus ; and then the people fell a shouting.

*Brut.* What was the second noise for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice : What was the last cry for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Brut.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,  
 every time gentler than t'other ; and at every putting by  
 mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown ?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Brut.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it,  
 it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony  
 offer him a crown—and, as I told you, he put it by  
 once : but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain  
 have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again : then he  
 put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loth

to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choaked Caesar; for he swooned, and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you. What! did Caesar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Brut.* 'Tis very like, he had the falling sickness.

*Cas.* No, Caesar had it not; but you and I,  
And honest Casca; we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that: but, I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am not true man.

*Brut.* What said he, when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad, he refused the crown, he pluckt me ope his doubled, and offered them his throat to cut. — An'I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, "If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity." Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Brut.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too. Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well.

There

There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cæs.* Will you sup with me to-night, *Casca*?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cæs.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cæs.* Good: I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so. Farewel both. [Exit.

*Brut.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be;  
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cæs.* So he is now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprize,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Brut.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you.  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you; or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cæs.* I will do so. [Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From what it is dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?  
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after that, let Caesar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.

ACT II. Thunder and lightning. Enter *Casca*,  
his sword drawn, and *Cicero* meeting him.

*Cic.* GOOD even, *Casca*. Brought you Caesar home?  
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth  
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
To be exalted with the threatning clouds :  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go thro' a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

*Casca.* A common slave (you know him well by sight)  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd uncorch'd.  
Besides (I have not since put up my sword)  
Against the capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,  
Without annoying me.  
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noon day, upon the market place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
They are natural;  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed it is a strange disposed time;  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Comes Cæsar to the capitol to-morrow ?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewel, Cicero.

[Exit Cicero.]

Enter Cassius.

*Cas.* Who's there ?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this ?

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Whoever knew the heavens menace so ?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of faults.  
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;  
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even

# JULIUS CÆSAR:

13

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman, you do want,  
Or else you use not: you look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:  
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night;

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the capitol:

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Caesar that you mean: is it not, Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors:  
But woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mother's spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;  
And he shall wear his crown, by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.

Therein ye gods, ye make the weak most strong;

Therein, ye gods, ye tyrants do defeat;  
Nor stony tower, nor wall of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure.

*Casca.* So can I;

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,



But that he sees the Romans are but sheep ;  
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,  
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
 For the base matter to illuminate  
 So vile a thing as Caesar ? But, Oh grief !  
 Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this  
 Before a willing bondman — then I know,  
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,  
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca ; and to such a man,  
 That is no flaring tell-tale. Hold my hand —  
 Be fassious for redress of all these griefs ;  
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
 As who goes farthest

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize  
 Of honourable dangerous consequence ;  
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
 In Pompey's porch.

*Enter Cinna.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;  
 He is a friend. — Cinna, where haste you so ?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?

*Casca.* No, it is Casca ; one incorporate  
 To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ?

*Cin.* Yes,  
 You are. O Cassius, if you would but win  
 The noble Brutus to our party —

*Cas.* Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,  
 And look you lay it in the Praetor's chair,  
 Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this  
 In at his window ; set this up with wax  
 Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,  
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us —  
 Is Decimus Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone  
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*  
 Come,



Come, Casca you and I will yet, ere day  
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him  
Is ours already ; and the man entire  
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Brutus's Garden. *Enter Brutus.*

*Brut.* What, Lucius ! ho !——

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !——  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when ? awake, I say—What, Lucius !

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord ?

*Brut.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Brut.* It must be by his death ; and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd—  
How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
It is the brightest day that brings forth the adder,  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—that——  
And then I grant we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power : and, to speak truth of Caesar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upwards turns his face :  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back ;  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may :  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities :  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous ;  
And kill him in the shell.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,

It

It did not lie there when I went to bed,

[*Gives him the letter.*]

*Brut.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of march?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Brut.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Bru.* The exhalations whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.  
Shall Rome ——— speak, strike, redress!  
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake——  
Such insligations have been often dropt,  
Where I have took them up——  
Shall Rome——Thus much I piece it out——  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? what! Rome?  
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.—  
Speak, strike, redress!——Am I entreated  
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise.  
If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocks within.*]

*Brut.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks,

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;  
The genius, and the moral instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Brut.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Brut.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir, their faces are buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour,

*Brut.* Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O then by day,

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim-enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest.

Good morrow, Brutus: do we trouble you?

*Brut.* I have been up this hour; awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you? *(Aside.)*

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here,

But honours you; and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself,

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

*Brut.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Brut.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

*Brut.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word?

*(They whisper.)*

*Dec.* Here lies the East: doth not the day break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd;

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,

Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher towards the North,

He first presents his fire; and the high East

Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Brut.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Brut.* No, not an oath. If not the face of men,

The

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—  
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
 And every man hence to his idle bed :  
 So let high-lighted tyranny range on,  
 'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
 The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,  
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,  
 To prick us to redress ? What other bond,  
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
 And will not paler ? and what other oath,  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
 Swear priests and cowards, and such suffering souls  
 That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes, swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt, but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprise,  
 Nor the insuppressible metal of our spirits,  
 To think that, or our cause, or our performance,  
 Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood,  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
 If he doth break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

*Cæs.* But what of Cicero ? shall we sound him ?  
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Cæsa.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O let us have him ; for his silver hairs  
 Will purchase us a good opinion,  
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :  
 It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands ;  
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
 But all be buried in his gravity.

*Brut.* O ; name him not : let us not break with him ;  
 For he will never follow any thing,  
 That other men begin.

*Cæs.* Then leave him out.

*Cæsa.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar ?

*Cæs.* Decius, well urged—I think it is not meet,  
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
 Should out live Cæsar : we shall find of him  
 A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far,  
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

*Brut.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;  
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :  
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar,  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius ;  
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar ;  
And in the spirit of man there is no blood :  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar ! but, alas !  
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :  
And this shall make  
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :  
Which, so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yes I fear him ;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar——

*Brut.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.  
If he loves Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself ; take thought, and die for Cæsar ;  
And that were much he should ; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

(*Clock strikes.*)

*Brut.* Peace ; count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock has stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :  
For he is superstitious grown of late ;  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.  
It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.*



*D. c.* Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,  
I can o'erſway him : for he loves to hear,  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He ſays, he does ; being then moſt flattered.  
Let me work ;

For I can give his humour the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cæſ.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Brut.* By the eighth hour. Is that the uttermoſt ?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæſar hard,  
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of Pompey :  
wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Brut.* Now, good Metellus, go along to him ;  
He loves me well, and I have given him reaſons ;  
and him but hither, and I'll ſaſhion him.

*Cæſ.* The morning comes upon u. We'll leave you,  
Brutus—

And, friends ! diſperſe yourſelves ; but all remember  
That you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true Romans.

*Brut.* Good gentlemen, look freſh and merrily ;  
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes,  
But bear it, as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal countancy.  
And ſo, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt.*

*Manet Brutus.*

Boy ! Lucius !—Faſt aſleep ? It is no matter.  
Enjoy the honey heavy dew of ſlumber.  
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,  
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men ;  
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

*Enter Portia.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord !

*Brut.* Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore riſe you now ?  
Is not for your health thus to commit  
Our weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Bru-  
tus,

ſtole'n from my bed. And yeſternight, at ſupper,  
You ſuddenly aroſe, and walk'd about,  
Mouſing and ſighing with your arms acroſs :  
And when I aſk'd you what the matter was,

You



You star'd upon me with ungentle looks,  
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;  
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
 Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,  
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;  
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Brut.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,  
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Brut.* Why, so I do—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* What, is Brutus sick,  
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?  
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,  
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus,  
 You have some sick offence within your mind,  
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
 I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,  
 I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
 Which did incorporate and make us one,  
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
 Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night  
 Have had resort to you : for here have been  
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness.

*Brut.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
 That appertain to you ? Am I yourself,  
 But, as it were, in sort, or limitation ;  
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
 And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
 Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,  
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Brut.* You are my true and honourable wife,  
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops

D

That

That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
 I grant I am a woman; but withal,  
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:  
 I grant I am a woman; but withal,  
 A woman well-reputed Cato's daughter.  
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?  
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:  
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
 Giving myself a voluntary wound  
 Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,  
 And not my husband's secrets?

*Brut.* O ye Gods,  
 Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock.*  
 Hark, hark! one knocks—Portia, go in awhile;  
 And by, and by, thy bosom shall partake  
 The secrets of my heart. (*Exit Portia.*

*SCENE changes to Caesar's Palace. Thunder and Lightning.*  
*Enter Julius Caesar.*

*Caes.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to  
 night.  
 Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,  
 Help, ho! they murder Caesar.—Who's within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Caes.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
 And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord.

(*Exit.*

*Enter Calphurnia.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk  
 forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Caes.* Caesar shall forth. The things that threatened  
 me,

Ne'er look but on my back; when they shall see  
 The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
 Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;  
 O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,  
 And I do fear them.

*Caes.* What can be avoided,

Whose

Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods ?  
Yet Caesar shall go forth ; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen :  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Caes.* Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.

*Enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers ?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

*(Exit Servant.)*

*Caes.* The Gods do this in shame of cowardice :  
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Caesar shall not.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence,  
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear  
That keeps you in your house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,  
And he will say you are not well to-day.  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Caes.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ?  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter Decius.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Caesar, all hail ! Good-morrow, worthy Caesar :  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Caes.* And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day ;  
Cannot is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;  
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

*Caes.* Shall Caesar send a lie ?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ?—  
Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

*Caes.* The cause is in my will, I will not come ;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction.

Because I love you, I will let you know:

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home ;

She dreamt last night she saw my statue,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

And these she doth apply for warnings and portents

And evils imminent ; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted ;

It was a vision fair and fortunate.

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, reliicks, and cognisance.

This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

*Caes.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say ;

And know it now ; the senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

Break up the senate, 'till another time,

When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.

If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,

Lo, Caesar is afraid !

Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear, dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;

And reason to my love is liable.

*Caes.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia ?

I am ashamed I did yie'd to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good-morrow, Caesar.

*Caes.* Welcome, Publius.

What is't o'clock ?

*Brut.* Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Caes.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter*

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

25

*Enter Antony*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up—Good-morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within——  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.——  
Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;  
Remember that you call on me to-day!  
Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will——And so near will I be, (*Aside.*  
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with  
me,

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Brut.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! (*Aside.*  
(*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE *changes to a Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.*

CÆSAR, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;  
Come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust  
not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius  
Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius.  
There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent  
against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about  
you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty  
Gods defend thee!

Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;  
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

(*Exit.*

*Enter Portia and Lucius.*

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—  
O constancy, be strong upon my side,  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.



Art thou here yet ?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do ?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?  
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth ; and take good note  
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well ;  
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Artemidorus.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou been ?

*Art.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is t' o'clock ?

*Art.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

*Art.* Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

*Art.* That I have, lady. If it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm intended towards  
him ?

*Art.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may  
chance ;

Good-morrow to you.

*Por.* I must go in—ah me ! how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !  
Sure, the boy heard me (*Aside*)—Brutus hath a suit  
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint—  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;  
Say, I am merry : come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee,

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, *The capitol ; the senate sitting.*

*Flourish.* *Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Calpurnia, Decius  
Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, and Antony.*

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,

And



And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Brut.* He is addrest; press near, and second him.

*Cin.* Cæsa, you are the first that rear your hand.

*Cæs.* Are we all ready? What is now amiss,  
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [kneeling].  
An humble heart——

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;  
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree  
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,  
Low-crooked courties, and base spaniel fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banished;  
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Brut.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;  
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cæs.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon.  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with un-number'd sparks,  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
Yet, in the number, I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,

Let

Let me a little shew it, even in this ;  
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd :  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cim.* O Caesar—

*Caes.* Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

*De.* Great Caesar—

*Caes.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

*Caesca.* Speak hands for me. [*They stab Caesar.*

*Caes. et tu, Brute ?* — Then fall, Caesar (Dies.

*Cim.* Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Caes.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !

*Brut.* People and senators ! be not affrighted ;

Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

There is no harm intending to your person :

Nor to no Roman else. (Exit Senators.

*Caesca.* And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Brut.* Do so : and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

Enter Trebonius :

*Caes.* Where is Antony ?

*Treb.* Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were dooms-day.

*Brut.* Fates ! we will know your pleasures—  
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Caes.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Brut.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit :  
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop :  
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood  
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and liberty !

*Caes.* Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence  
[*Dipping their swords in Caesar's blood.*

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,  
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown ?

*Brut.* How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
No worthier than the dust ?

*Caes.*

*Cæs.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cæs.* Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Brut.* Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's?

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; [*Kneeling.*  
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say,  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:  
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;  
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead,  
So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
Thoro' the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Brut.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Serv.*

*Brut.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cæs.* I wish we may; but yet have I a mind,  
That fears him much.

*Enter Antony.*

*Brut.* But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
If I myself, there is no hours so fit  
As Cæsar's death hour; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world  
I do beseech ye; if ye bear me hard,

Now

Now whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die.

No place shall please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Brut.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.  
Tho' now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done;  
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:  
And our hearts, of brother's temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Brut.* Only be patient till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I that did love Caesar when I struck him,  
Proceeded thus.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand.  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you——  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand——  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours, now yours, Metellus——  
Yours, Cinna, and, my valiant Casca, yours——  
Tho' last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all——Alas, what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.  
That I did love thee, Caesar, Oh, 'tis true;  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon

Yo  
Bu  
An  
Elc

JULIUS CÆSAR.

31

Pardon me Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave heart;  
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.

*Cas.* Mark Antony—

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius;  
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Caesar so;  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends?  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.  
Friends, I am with you all, and love you all;  
Upon this hope, that you will give me reasons,  
Why, and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

*Brut.* Or else this were a savage spectacle.  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek;  
And am moreover suitor, that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Brut.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus a word with you.—  
You know not what you do; do not consent  
That Antony speak in his funeral.  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd,  
By that which he will utter?

*Brut.* By your pardon,  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And shew the reason of our Caesar's death.  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave, and by permission;  
And that we are contented Caesar shall  
Have all due rites and lawful ceremonies;  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall! I like it not.

*Brut.* Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar;  
And say, you do't by our permission,  
Else shall you not have any hand at all

About



About his funeral. And you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

*Brut.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

*Ant.* O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the various parts of Italy ;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;  
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds ;  
And Caesar's spirit ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall, in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war ;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the ear h,  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not ?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming ;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Caesar !

[*Seeing the body.*]

*Ant.* Thy heart is big ; get thee apart, and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching : for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath  
chanc'd,

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;

Hic

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

33

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;  
 Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corpse  
 Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
 In my oration, how the people take  
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
 To young Octavius of the state of things.

*[exunt with Caesar's body.]*

*Scene, The Forum. Enter Brutus and Cassius,  
 with the plebeians.*

*Pleb.* We will be satisfied. Let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.  
 And public reasons shall be rendered  
 Of Caesar's death.

*(Brutus goes into the rostrum.)*

*3 Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause;  
 and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine  
 honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may  
 believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your  
 senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in  
 this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I would  
 say, that Brutus's love to Caesar was no less than his.—  
 If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæ-  
 sar, this my answer——Not that I loved Cæsar less,  
 but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar  
 were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were  
 dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep  
 for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was  
 valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew  
 him. There are tears, for his love; joy for his fortune;  
 honour, for his valour: and death for his ambition.  
 Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man? If  
 any, speak: for him have I offended. Who is here so  
 rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak for  
 him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not  
 love his country? If any, speak: for him have I offended.  
 I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended.

I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Bru-  
 tus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capi-  
 tol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy;  
 nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

E

*Enter*

*Ent. r Mark Antony, with Caesar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart ; that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, Brutus, live ! live !

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Caesar.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Brut.* My Countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace ! silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho !

*Brut.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech,

Tending to Caesar's glories ; which Mark Antony,

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Pleb.* Stay ; ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair,

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Pleb.* This Caesar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans——

*All.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Caesar ! The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious ;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.  
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
 (For Brutus is an honourable man,  
 So are they all, all honourable men)  
 Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious,  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
 Did this in Caesar seem ambitious ?  
 When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept :  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;  
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him ;  
 O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason ! Bear with me,  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings,  
 If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
 Caesar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he masters ? I fear there will a worse  
 Come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words ? he would not take the  
 crown ;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weep-  
 ing.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony:

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence.



O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.  
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather chuse  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you.  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,  
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :  
 Let but the commons hear this testament,  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)  
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
 Yea beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
 Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will — We will hear Caesar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;  
 It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.  
 You are not wood, you are not stones but men ;  
 And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,  
 It will enflame you, it will make you mad,  
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
 For if you should, O what would come of it !

4 *Pleb.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony :  
 You shall read us the will ; Caesar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?  
 I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.  
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men,  
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar : I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors — Honourable men !

*All.* The will ! the testament !

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers ! — The will ! —  
 read the will !

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will ?  
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,  
 And let me shew you him that made the will.  
 Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

*All.* Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.*



2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony—most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

*All.* Stand back ! room ! bear back !

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on ;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger thro' :

See, what a rent the envious Casca made !

Thro' this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;

And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it ;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no ;

For Brutus, as you know was Caesar's angel :

Judge, O you Gods ! how dearly Caesar lov'd him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him ; then burst his mighty heart

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell,

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !

Then I and you, and all of us, fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold

Our Caesar's vesture wounded ? Look you here !

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* O noble Caesar !

3 *Pleb.* O woful day !

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains !

5 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight !

2 *Pleb.* We will be revenged—Revenge—About—seek  
—burn—fire—kill—slay !—let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen—

1 *Pleb.* Peace there—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with  
him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable ;  
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,  
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
 I am no orator as Brutus is ;  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
 That give me public leave to speak of him,  
 For I have neither writ, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know !  
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb  
 mouths !

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus, Antony, there were an Antony,  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny——

*1 Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*3 Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

*All.* Peace, ho ! Hear, Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.  
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ;  
 Alas, you know not. I must tell you then——  
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true—the will—let's stay, and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
 To every Roman citizen he gives,  
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

*2 Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his death.]

*3 Pleb.* O royal Cæsar !

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho !

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
 His private arbours, and new planted orchards,  
 On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,  
 And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures  
 To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.  
 Here was a Cæsar—When comes such another ?

*1 Pleb.* Never, never : come, away, away ;  
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And

And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

*Enter a servant.*

*Serv.* Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight, to visit him,  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.  
Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. Scene, *A small Island near Mutina.*

*Enter Antony, Octavius and Lepidus.*

*Ant.* **T**HESE many then shall die. Their names are  
prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother, too, must die; consent you, Lepi-  
dus?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition, Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live. Look, with a spot I damn  
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*]

*Ant.* This is a slight, unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And tho' we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And, having brought our treasure where we will,

Then

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty afs, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will ;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius : and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;  
Do not talk of him,  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things — Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers : we must strait make head.  
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd ;  
Our best friends made, our best means stretcht ;  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answer'd.

*Oct.* Let us do so : for we are at the stake,  
And bay'd about with many enemies ;  
And some that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs. *(Ex unt.)*

*Scene, before Brutus's Tent, in the Camp, near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and soldiers, Titinius  
and Pindarus meeting them.

*Brut.* Stand, ho !

*Luc.* Give the word, ho ! and stand !

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

*Luc.* He is at hand, and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

*Brut.* He greets me well, Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone : but if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt,  
But that my noble master will appear,  
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Brut.* He is not doubted. — A word, Lucilius, —  
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesy, and with respect enough ;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,

As he hath us'd of old.

*Brut.* Thou hast describ'd

A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,

Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;

But when they should endure the bloody spur,

They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,

Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*]

*Enter Cassius, and Soldiers.*

*Brut.* Hark, he is arriv'd;

March gently on to meet him.

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Brut.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand!

*Within.* Stand!

*Within.* Stand!

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Brut.* Judge me, you Gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,

And when you do them ———

*Brut.* Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly.—I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

*Brut.* Lucilius do the like; and let no man

Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, the inside of Brutus's tent. *Re-enter Brutus*

*and Cassius.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this;

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein



Wherein my letter, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

*Brut.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

*Brut.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell, and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm !  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this ;  
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

*Brut.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide it's head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Brut.* Remember March, the Ides of March remember !  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bait not me,  
I'll not endure it ; I am a soldier ; ay,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Brut.* Go to ; you are not Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Brut.* I say, you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;  
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no further.

*Brut.* Away, slight man !

*Cas.* Is't possible ?——

*Brut.* Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

*Cas.* O Gods ! ye Gods ! must I endure all this ?

*Brut.* All this ! ay, more. Fret till your proud heart  
break ;

Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?

Must

Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour ? By the Gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Tho' it do split you : For, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this ?

*Brut.* You say, you are a better soldier ;  
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus ;

I said, an elder soldier ; not a better :  
Did I say better ?

*Brut.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

*Brut.* Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not ?——

*Brut.* No.

*Cas.* What ! durst not tempt him ?

*Brut.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love ;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Brut.* You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me—  
For I can raise no money by vile means :  
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Brut.* You did.

*Cas.*

*Cas.* I did not—He was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my  
heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Brut.* I do not till you practice them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Brut.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Brut.* A flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;  
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;  
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.  
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Brut.* Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius you are yoked with a lamb,  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforc'd, shews a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill temper'd vexeth him?

*Brut.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Brut.* And my heart too.

[*Embracing.*]

*Cas.* O Brutus!—

*Brut.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful?

*Brut.* Yes, Cassius? and from henceforth

When

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

*A noise within.*

*Enter Lucilus and Titinius.*

*Brut.* Bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you  
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

*Brut.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Brut.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils,

*Brut.* No man bears sorrow better—Portia's dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia!

*Brut.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross't you so? —

O insupportable and touching loss! —

Upon what sickness?

*Brut.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief, that young Octavius, with Mark Antony,  
Have made themselves so strong; (for with her death  
That tidings came) with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Brut.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal Gods!

*Re-enter Lucius with wine and tapers.*

*Brut.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of  
wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. (*Drinks.*)

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge —

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erflow the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

*Brut.* Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—

*Enter Titinius and Messala.*

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia! art thou gone?

*Brut.* No more, I pray you —

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

*Brut.* With what addition ?

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Cas.* Cicero one ?

*Mes.* Cicero is dead :

And by that order of proscription——

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

*Brut.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

*Brut.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Brut.* Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in yours ?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Brut.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then, like a Roman, bear the truth I tell.  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Brut.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala :  
With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Brut.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently ?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Brut.* Your reason ?

*Cas.* This it is ;

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :  
So shall we waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Brut.* Good reasons must of force give place to better.  
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;  
For they have grudg'd us contribution :  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd ;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother——

*Brut.* Under your pardon—— You must note beside,  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,



Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe ;  
 The enemy increaseth every day,  
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
 On such a full sea are we now a-float ;  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on ; we will along  
 Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Brut.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
 And nature must obey necessity ;  
 There is no more to say.

*Cas.* No more. Good night.  
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Brut.* Noble, noble Cassius,  
 Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother ;  
 This was an ill beginning of the night :  
 Never come such divisions 'tween our souls,  
 Let it not, Brutus.

*Re-enter Lucius with the gown.*

*Brut.* Every thing is well.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, lord Brutus.

*Brut.* Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Where is thy instrument ?

*Luc.* Here, in the tent.

*Brut.* What, thou speak'st drowsily ?  
 Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'erwatch'd.  
 Call Claudius, and some other of my men :  
 I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro, and Claudius.

*Enter Varro and Claudius.*

*Var.* Calls my lord ?

*Brut.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;  
 It may be, I shall raise you by and by,  
 On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand, and watch your  
 pleasure.

*Brut.* I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs.  
 Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
 And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Brut.* It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing:

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Brut.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;  
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Brut.* It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;  
I will not hold thee long. If I do live ;

I will be good to thee.

*(Music.)*

This is a sleepy tune——O murd'rous slumber ;

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night.

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;

I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see ; Is not the leaf turn'd down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

*(He sits down to read.)*

*Enter the ghost of Caesar.*

How ill this taper burns ! ha ; who comes here ?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?

Speak to me, what thou art ?

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Brut.* Why com'st thou ?

*Ghost.* To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Brut.* Well: then I shall see thee again ?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*[Exit Ghost.]*

*Brut.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy ! Lucius ! Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs ! awake !

Claudius !

*Var.* My Lord !

*Claud.* My lord !

*Brut.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep.

*Bo. b.* Did we, my lord ?

*Brut.* Ay, saw you any thing ?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Claud.* Nor I, my lord.

*Brut.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius ;  
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And

# JULIUS CÆSAR:

And we will follow.

*Bo. b.* It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. Scene, *The Fields of Philippi.*

*Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

*Oct.* **N**OW, Antony, our hopes are answered.  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions:  
It proves not so: their battles are at hand,  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it: they could be content  
To visit other places; and come down  
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage:  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Oct.* I do not cross you, but I will do so. [March]

*Drum.* *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army.*

*Brut.* They stand, and would have parley.  
Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Brut.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,  
Crying, "Long live! hail, Caesar!"

*Cas.* Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown:  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Brut.* O yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony;  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
While damned Casca, like a cur behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. Oh, you flatterers!

*Cas.* Flatterers! now, Brutus, thank yourself;  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us  
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds

Be well averg'd; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Brut.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands.

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Brut.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony, away.

Defiance, traitors, hold we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and Army.*]

*Cas.* Messala!

*Mes.* What says my general?

*Cas.* Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign

Two mighty eagles fell: and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

Who

Who to Philippi here consoorted us :

This morning are they fled away, and gone ;  
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,  
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly ;  
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
To meet all perils very constantly.  
The Gods to day stand friendly ; that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age ;  
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together.  
What are you then determined to do ?

*Brut.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself ; (I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life) arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Through the streets of Rome ?

*Brut.* No Cassius, no ; think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the Ides of March begun ;  
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :  
For ever, and for ever, farewell Cassius !  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !  
If we do meet again we'll smile indeed ;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Brut.* Why then, lead on — O that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come !  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known. — Come, ho ! Away. [*Ex. unt.*]

*Alarm.* Enter Brutus and Messala.



*Brut.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side: *(Loud alarm.)*

Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala; Let them all come down. *(Exeunt.)*

*Ala m. Enter Cassius, and Titinius.*

*Cas.* O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:  
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all inclos'd.

*Enter Pindarus.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord—fly further off.  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord;  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough—Look, look, Titinius,  
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,  
Whether yon' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought. *(Exit.)*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:  
My sight was ever thick—Regard, Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.  
—This day I breathed first: time is come round;  
And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

*Pin.* *(Above)* Oh, my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur—  
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him; now,  
Titinius! Now some 'light—Oh, he 'lights too—  
He's ta'en—and hark, they shout for joy. *(Shout.)*

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.—  
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

*Re-enter Pindarus.*

Come hither, sirrah.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;  
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath !  
 Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,  
 That ran thro' Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.  
 Stand not to answer—here, take thou the hilt ;  
 And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
 Guide thou the sword.—Caesar, thou art reveng'd,  
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himself.*]

*Pind.* So I am free ; yet would not so have been,  
 Durst I have done my will. Oh, Cassius !  
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
 Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Titinius and Messala.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius  
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him ?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
 With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. Oh, my heart !

*Mes.* Is not that he ?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
 But Cassius is no more. Oh, setting sun !  
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set :  
 The sun of Rome is set ! our day is gone ;  
 Clouds, dews and dangers come ; our deeds are done !  
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus ? Where art thou, Pindarus ?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius ; whilst I go to meet  
 The noble Brutus.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while. (*Exit Messala.*)  
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?  
 Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they  
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
 And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their  
 shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing.  
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;

Thy

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
By your leave, Gods.—This is a Roman's part.

*(Stabs himself.)*

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *(Dies.)*

*Alarm. Enter Brutus, Messala.*

*Brut.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder: and Titinius mourning it.

*Brut.* Titinius' face is upward.

Are yet two Romans living such as these?

Thou last of all the Romans! fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

Oh, Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,

Thy spirit stalks abroad and turns our swords  
Into our own proper entrails.

Come, let us to the field—and, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Antony.*

*1 Sold.* Here comes the general—

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The Gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend; but I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness. I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see if Brutus be alive or dead:

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanced.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *Another part of the Field.* *Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.*

*Brut.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus——

*[Whispering.]*

*Clit.* What I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

*Brut.*

*Brut.* Peace then, no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Brut.* Why this, Volumnius;

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;

And, this last night here in Philippi fields.

I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Brut.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit;

*(Alarm.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that, our love of old I pray thee,

Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

*Brut.* Farewell to you;

*(Alarm still.*

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

Retire, and let me think awhile—

Now, one last look, and then, farewell to all;

Scorning to view his country's wrongs,

'Thus Brutus always strikes for liberty.

Poor slavish Rome, farewell!—Cæsar, now be still;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

*(Runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarm. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the Army.*

*Octav.* What man is that?

*Luc.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He only, in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

*O.F.*

*Oct.* According to his virtue, let us use him;  
With all respect, and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—  
So, call the field to rest : and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

THE END.





